

THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME

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For The Child's Paper.

THE primer used to ask us little children, "Who was the strongest man?" and we said, "Samson." The primer asks the same question now, I suppose; does it not? God makes some people wise, some people rich, and some strong and daring. Samson was strong and daring. One day he was walking with his parents, and a roaring lion came out of the woods upon them. Samson had neither club nor spear, much less a gun; but he ran and caught the lion, and killed him with his own hands.

The Philistines were the great enemies of his country, and often made war upon it. Samson once went out to fight them, with no other weapon than the jawbone of an ass. With this he

killed a thousand men. It must have been a hard fight. He was tired and thirsty, and there was no water to drink. Samson prayed to God for some water, and God caused water to spring up before him; as you remember, He made water once flow out of a rock in the wilderness, when Moses struck it with his rod; and as he opened a spring in the desert for poor Hagar and her little boy.

Samson was a judge in Israel thirty years. At last the Philistines made him prisoner. They were very glad. "Our god has delivered Samson into our hands," they said. Their god was Dagon, a great idol; and they praised Dagon, and offered sacrifice to him.

Samson was put in prison, and his feet were bound with chains; worst of all, they cruelly put

out his eyes. Then they set him to work, grinding corn in a hand-mill. Not contented with that, the chief men of the nation made a great feast, and called for Samson in order to make sport of him. A little boy led him in. He asked the little boy to help him put his hands on the pillars of the house. The boy did. When Samson's hands were on the pillars, he prayed, "O Lord God, remember me, I pray, and strengthen me, I pray, only this once." Then he wrenched the pillars from their foundations, and the house came tumbling down over their heads, crushing and killing thousands. Poor Samson was killed also.

For The Child's Paper.

SQUIRREL'S HOME.

"Where do you think poor little chipmuck is this cold weather?" asked Harry, thinking of his friends in the woods. Chipmuck, you know, is that pretty little creature of the squirrel family whose brownish grey dress is striped with black and yellow down the back. It is fun to see him dart over the stone walls, and sail through the grass, and run up the trees, carrying on a little talk of his own, which sounds like the chirping of chickens, and which, I dare say, is the reason he is called chipping squirrel, or chipmuck.

Never fear, Harry; he is one of God's great family as well as you, and God instructs him how to keep warm. He has a nice snug burrow under ground, in the bosom of good mother Earth somewhere. In order to make it, he digs a hole straight down, perhaps three feet; then turning round and up a little, the hole goes on and on, until you come to a little nest, carpeted and cushioned with dried leaves. Here the little chipmucks are born and live until they are old enough to go out into the world.

Opening from this nest are closets and pantries well filled with food. Chipmuck is an excellent provider. He is about as busy harvesting in the fall as the farmers are. Indeed it is wonderful what stores he lays in against winter want. In one burrow, a gentleman once found two quarts of buckwheat, nearly a peck of acorns, a quart of nuts, some Indian corn, and a heap of grass seed. Was not that a lot?

The common beech nut is a favorite of his; and lest the sharp point should hurt its mouth, it snips it off before attempting to carry it, for, you know, it stows a part of its load in its cheek-pouches. Chippy can contrive to carry five nuts at a time—two in one cheek, two in the other, and one between his teeth; and if you should happen to meet him under the circumstances, you would exclaim, "Chippy has got the mumps." Not a bit. That is only his way of carrying things home from market.

"REMEMBER the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

TO THE CHILDREN.

A happy New-year, my children, another happy New-year. We are glad to welcome the new year, with all its blessed privileges; and we are glad to begin it together again, are we not? for you and we have had many pleasant times together. We wish we could see your faces, and hear you laugh, and know what you play, and what good sons and daughters and brothers and sisters you try to be. Home is the place to know the children. You are not *always* good, I know; because, like baby, you are only learning how.

Baby gets upon its legs, and then sits plump down; up again, and it tottles over; up again, it puts one foot before the other, and then knows not what to do with the other. Quite likely he tumbles down, and there he stops. No, not long. After a good cry he picks himself up, and catches on to a chair, or claws hold of mother's apron, or sissy leads him. Who can reckon his falls and hurts, or tell how many times he has puckered up his sweet little lip for a cry? But no matter; through it all he tries and tries again; and at last his legs get steady, he learns to balance his little body, and by the time he is old enough, he will walk as well as anybody. God might have made him walk as soon as he was born, like the little calf; but God did not see it best for him. He just lets him *learn*.

So it is with you, my children, taking your first steps in the path of right and duty. Mother begins with you; and how carefully and tenderly she instructs you. You forget. Well, you suffer for it, and that makes you remember the next time. Sometimes you sit down almost discouraged, and say, "I can't." Pretty soon you think better of that, and try, try again. Once in a while you go backward; but going backward you soon find is poor business. You have a good many cries, yet, after all, you are determined to go on doing right; and you *do* go on, and the further you go the pleasanter it is; indeed it is a delightful road.

And what helps you find: the Lord Jesus opens the way, the Bible lights you along, the Holy Spirit gives you his patient and willing temper, mother smiles on you, father provides for you, teachers encourage you, friends rejoice over you, and we, dear children, as often as we can, stretch out our hands, and bid you God-speed.

With the new year we send you our little paper full of Christian love, pointing you ever to that dear Saviour who was once a little child himself, and knows how to feel for you and to save you.

If you like to receive it as much as we like to send it; if you love to read it as much as we love to write for it, I am sure you will be happy enough to say to any little boy or girl who does *not* get it, "Oh do take The Child's Paper;" and that will be beginning the new year trying to make somebody else better and happier, which is one of the very best ways of being happy yourselves.

We are sure the new type of the present number will be acceptable; and the quality of paper will be improved as soon as can be without pecuniary loss.

For The Child's Paper.

SPECKS IN THE TIMBER.

A great deal of ship-building was carried on at our navy-yard during the war. Two thousand men or more were at work on gun-boats and iron-clads. Heavy timber, the slow growth of many a noble forest-tree, lay in every direction. How many strokes of the axe were necessary to hew and shape it to its proper ends. Walking round one day, we noticed curious small marks on the wood, made with chalk, some round, some square, some oblong. They were not in any regular order, showing how part was to fit part, and so we asked, "What do these marks mean?"

"Flaws in the wood," said a workman, "worm-holes, and specks of rot. The timber has to be carefully examined, and all these promptly remedied. They must be cut out and a sound piece of

wood morticed in, or a bolt driven in, else they spread and do damage. Many a fine ship has been lost by not taking them in time."

Who would think a little worm-hole or a speck of rot had to be guarded against like that? What harm could a small flaw do to those giant timbers? Ah, they spread; that is the harm.

Just like little faults, I thought, small bad habits, which, if not checked and corrected in time, will *grow*. There is the danger. They will grow and spread, and weaken every thing that is good and sound. Taking things without leave when you are a child, may make you to be a robber and a thief or a defaulter when you grow up. Little deceivings will lead to falsehoods; white lies will soon turn to black lies; cross, fretful words grow to cross, fretful tempers. A cigar and a glass of beer, which, I am sorry to see, little boys are sometimes so foolish as to indulge in, will form those drinking habits which will be their ruin.

This is the reason, my children, why those who love you mark your little faults, and try to correct them. Oh it is so important they should be got rid of while they *are* small. It is easy to do it then. It is the time to do it. They see and know the danger, if you do not; and you cannot be too thankful to have them pointed out and pulled up—pulled up by the very roots, and got rid of.

H. C. K.



For The Child's Paper.

FANNY was at boarding-school. She was only ten years old, and that is young to go from home to boarding-school, is it not? But poor little Fanny had lost her mother; mother died. Oh what a grief it was to her and papa and George. Yet God knows best, when he takes mothers from their little ones. Fanny had a nice boarding-school. It was not like home, however. There is no place like home. After a "great, good while," as Fanny says, a letter came from her papa, telling her some news. What was it? By her face you saw it was good news. What was it? Her papa had brought home a new mother for his little girl and boy, and he was coming in two days to fetch Fanny home too. "A new own mamma!" cried Fanny joyfully; for what could she have but sweet and loving thoughts of a mamma?

"She will *not* be your own mother," said one of the school-girls; she will be only a mother-in-law, and will whip you and be cross."

"She will whip me if I deserve it," said Fanny

with a good deal of spunk; "but I do not mean to deserve any such thing. I am going to love her, and be a good little daughter as ever I can be."

That is right, Fanny; that is the spirit on the part of any little child which makes home happy. Several of the girls, I am sorry to say, tried to set Fanny against her new mother, which was one of the wickedest things they could do; for I am sure little children cannot be too thankful to any kind lady who will come and be mother to them, when God has taken their own dear mother. It did make Fanny feel a little badly, to be sure. Oh how much more kind and generous it would have been in the girls to rejoice with Fanny and be glad for her. You know the Bible says, "Rejoice with those that rejoice;" that is the heavenly temper, and not say ugly things to hurt their feelings.

Fanny's feelings were hurt; but in two days her father came and took her home. Fanny dreaded a little to see her new mamma, after what the girls said. But as soon as she got into the room, a dear, good lady arose from her chair and put out her arms to hug her, calling her dear little daughter; and Fanny saw love shining in all her face. How did she feel? Why, two little tears stood in her eyes. They were tears of joy. She felt very thankful to be at home again.

And I can tell you Fanny keeps happy. The more she gets acquainted with her new mamma, the more she tries to be a good daughter. If her mamma tells her her faults, she knows it is to improve her, and she tries to improve by it. Fanny says she has two mothers, one in heaven and one on earth; and ought she not to be a very good little girl? I think so. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

THE TRUE SOLDIER.

Down by an old wharf in our town there was almost always a set of truant boys, idlers, swearers, betterers, cock fighters, and dog baiters. Often a good deal of bad sort of fun was going on there, which naturally drew in other boys, who would not like to be caught in their company, and yet who had not quite character enough to keep altogether clear of them.

"Come," said Jem Roberts to Gus Stevens, "let us go down there and take a look."

"Catch me," answered Gus.

"Only a minute," said Jem; "we need not stop."

"You forget orders, Jem," said Gus. "You are not a true blue."

"Orders! what orders?" asked Jem.

"*Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.*" There they are, Jem, your orders and my orders. They are in the word of God; and I for one obey them," said Gus with the true ring of the soldier. Gus marched straight on, and Jem followed him.

K.

For The Child's Paper.

GRANDMA.

"When I was a little child," said a lady, "my dear grandma asked me to bring her a glass of water. I was at play, and did not like to be disturbed, so I obeyed reluctantly."

"Thank you, my dear child," said grandma; "but it would have given me more pleasure if you had brought it willingly."

That was forty years ago; but the lady says it is *to-day* a little sorry spot in her memory, which will stay as long as she lives.

You, my children, who have dear grandmamas and grandpapas, never need have a sorry spot like that to carry all your life. You can wait upon them with willing and loving hearts; you can be hands and feet and eyes to them, now that they are aged and feeble, and they will prize your small services better than anybody else in all the world besides.

Happy the children who have a grandpa and

grandma to love them dearly. Nor is that all, to love dearly. Nor is that all—to wait upon and in their small and handy way do all they can to make them happy.

For The Child's Paper.

WHO WILL DO IT?

"Never saw The Child's Paper!" exclaimed Bennie; "why, I thought everybody took that."

"Well, I don't," said Charlie Ross.

"Nor I," "nor I," exclaimed several voices.

"I'll bring mine this very afternoon," said Bennie, "and at recess will show it to you."

Bennie was as good as his word, and found quite a number of boys who had never seen it before. They all thought the pictures so pretty; and when Bennie read one of its stories, they pronounced it first-rate.

"Well, boys," said he, "next month begins a new year, and if each one will bring his money, I will ask father to send for papers to supply every one of you."

All brought their money except Jimmie Lee, whose father was a drunkard, and the widow Smith's little son.

Bennie told the boys if they would pay one cent apiece extra, Jimmie Lee and Tommy Smith could have a paper too. This they readily agreed to do; and never was an event hailed with greater pleasure than when Bennie announced that the package had come which was to supply every boy in school with The Child's Paper.

Who will agree that every boy and girl in their school shall be supplied with The Child's Paper for the year eighteen hundred sixty-seven? L. W.



For The Child's Paper.

It began to snow and blow, and blow and snow. The master looked out of his little school-house window, and felt afraid some of his scholars would have a tough time getting home; for this little school-house was up among the white hills of New Hampshire, where the cold bites hard, and the snow drifts are higher than ever you saw. Luke and Abel were the boys who had the longest way to go. "Abel," said the master, "you and Luke had better start for home directly. Button up your coats, tie on your tippets, and go as fast as your legs can carry you."

The boys got ready, and started off. They walked merrily on for some time. They did not care for the snow, they said. Indeed they were

stout, hardy little fellows, brought up to rough it among the mountains; but the snow came thicker and faster, and Jack Frost was in every flake. The road was blocked up, and wading through the drifts was hard work. Poor Luke's strength began to give out. He lagged behind, and Abel, who kept ahead, had every now and then to call out, "Make haste, Luky, make haste." Luke tried to make haste, but he stumbled at almost every step. "Let me stop and rest a minute, Abel," said Luke, sitting down in the snow. "Not a minute," cried his brother, "not a minute; if you stop you will freeze to death." Abel ran back and caught Luke by the shoulder. "Get up and swing your arms, Luky; that will warm you. Hurry up; mother is waiting supper for us." Luke did not seem to mind. His head hung down, and he looked as if he was going to sleep. "I tired," he said. Abel was frightened. Luke is freezing to death.

The boys always carried a tin horn with them, to tell they were coming, or sound an alarm if danger was near. In those desolate regions, farm-houses were few and far between. There were no wagon wheels, or sleigh-bells, or steam-whistles, or telegraph wires to tell you people were coming. The hunters and backwoodsmen wore trumpets, which, sounding through the woods, gave notice that somebody was near. Abel every now and then blew his horn. The noise roused Luke for a moment. "Come, Luky," said Abel, taking his brother by the arm, "let us push on." They walked on a few steps together, when Luke fell down. Abel blew his horn; and what a blast he put into it; for what was to become of them? Night was coming on, and such a night to be miles from home. Abel lifted Luke up in his arms, and tried to carry him. It was a heavy load for the brave boy. "No, don't," said Luke. "I'll try, I'll try;" and so they struggled along, arm in arm, making slow progress.

Would they perish together? Will not somebody come along and find them? Poor Abel's ears and chin were already frozen and his feet stiff; yet he kept a stout heart, and would not think of giving up. Again Luke stumbled and fell. Abel tried to lift him up, but Luke was almost helpless now. What could the poor boy do? He lifted up his heart to God. He had often heard his mother say, "God is a present help in every time of trouble." "O God," he cried, "help us, help us, for Christ's sake." He put his mouth to his horn. Did it speak loud? I am afraid not, for Abel had not much strength left. Hark! Was it the wind growing louder? Hark! Was it an echo he heard? Hark! No, it was the blast of another horn in the distance. "Father, father," he cried, and snatching up his horn, he shouted, "Here!" with all his might. Another answer came, and it seemed to say, "Hold on, boys, hold on;" and pretty soon a big man hove in sight. The snowflakes almost covered him; but it was "father," and that was enough.

Oh what joy! He took up both boys in his strong arms; he cheered them, led them, carried them, and brought them where mother and sister were waiting and watching for them. Poor little fellows, it took some time to get the frost out of them; but no matter, they were at home, and not perishing in the snow. They were very thankful to their kind heavenly Father for sending their dear earthly father out to pick them up.

"REMEMBER THE POOR."

Remember the poor, when the wind and the rain
Are bitterly beating against the cold pane,
And the snow is piled up at the door;
Remember the children who, tattered and torn,
Are homeless and hungry and cold and forlorn,
And pity, dear children, the poor.



For The Child's Paper.

Do you know what is done in Boston, New York, and other large cities with boys and girls who have nobody to take care of them? They are sent to nice homes in the country.

Michael was a boy who was sent to live with Farmer Ray. "Well, my boy," asked Farmer Ray, "do you love to work?" "No, sir," said Michael, for Michael was an honest-spoken boy; he was not quite spoiled by bad company in the city. Farmer Ray liked to have a boy speak the truth; so Michael's answer did not trouble him.

"What work have you done?" asked Farmer Ray. "Picking up chips, peddling shavings, and such like," answered Michael. Farmer Ray thought he should not like to do that. "Perhaps you will like to ride a horse, and drive cows to pasture, and help Lucy feed the chickens," said the farmer. Michael's eyes twinkled at that, looking very much as if he thought he should, first-rate.

The next morning he was up bright and early. Lucy, however, was up before him. Lucy was Mr. Ray's little daughter. Her brother Johnny was dead, and she was not sorry to have another little boy come and take his place; not that he could be her own dear Johnny, but he could be a kind playmate and help her. Lucy showed him all around. She took him to the barn, the hay-mow, and the hen-coop. Then what did she do? She filled her pocket with corn, and went and sat down on the stone steps. Pretty soon an old white hen made her appearance. It was Lucy's hen. The hen hopped into Lucy's lap, and began to pick open the folds of her dress to find her pocket. At last she found it, and putting in her head, helped herself to the corn. How Michael laughed. Who would not laugh to see a hen take her breakfast out of a pocket?

"You may have half of old Biddy, Michael," said Lucy, "just half." Was not that generous in Lucy? You see she was brought up to share her things with others. She had not that selfish way which some children have of saying "my"—my hen, my chickens, my playthings, and not liking to see others touch or enjoy them. Yes, little Lucy has pious parents, who have taught her that half the pleasure of life is in sharing it with others. She knows "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

I am sure Michael has fallen into good hands. Poor boy, how good God is to him. I hope he will try to do well. Every thing now depends upon the right use he makes of his privileges.



For The Child's Paper.

BIRTHDAY VERSES.

What shall I ask for thee, my child,
What shall I ask for thee?
A birthday gift of gold most rare,
Some costly treasure, rich and fair,
To fill thy heart with glee?

What shall I ask for thee, my child,
What shall I ask for thee?
Shall I ask that beauty's charms be thine,
So 'mid the gay thou'lt gayly shine,
The brightest star to be?

What shall I ask for thee, my child,
What shall I ask for thee?
That fortune may her gifts bestow,
That thou no want or care may know,
No earthly sorrow see?

Not these I ask for thee, my child,
Not these I ask for thee;
A better birthday wish is mine:
'Tis that the best of gifts be thine—
A heart from sin made free;

A heart of love to Him who died
On Calvary's cruel tree;
A clean white robe of grace to wear,
The Saviour's lovely image bear;
'Tis this I ask for thee.

Yes, this I ask for thee, my child,
This good I ask for thee:
The pearl of greatest price to own,
A child of Jesus to be known,
And heaven thy home to be.

E. C.

For The Child's Paper.

A BEAUTIFUL VOYAGE.

The Pacific ocean is dotted over with islands. Some just lift their heads above water; others rise a little higher, and others higher still. Do you know who built them? God, you will say. Yes, that is true. But who did he let help him? A great many little insects, who, by their slow and patient industry, raised up huge piles of coral for the little islands to stand upon. The air is very pleasant here, and the trees tall and shady. Brown people live on these islands, and once they were all savages. Missionaries, many years ago, went to the largest of these, and told the people about the Lord Jesus, who came into this world to save and bless them.

A missionary, not long since, took a cargo of teachers and sailed from one of the large islands which had become Christian, to new islands which they had not before visited. Of course he did not know how he should be received. Perhaps they might want to cook him. But the very first he stopped at put all such fears to flight, for what do you think the chief said? "We are all in darkness, and are waiting for somebody to come and teach us." "Oh," cried the missionary joyfully, "that is just our errand." He found they had burnt their idols, and were all ready to hear about God, for God had sent his Spirit into their hearts to prepare them to receive his messengers. Teachers were immediately landed, and the people at once began learning. In two days a large class had learned their letters, and by two weeks they could read a little.

Leaving these teachers, the missionary sailed further on to another island. As the vessel approached, several canoes came off from the shore. The chief's son was in one of them. His name was Tankie. When Tankie heard that teachers

were aboard, his eyes sparkled with joy. "We have heard about you," he said, "and we want you to come and tell us about the Saviour of the world. We have destroyed our false gods, and have been trying, as well as we knew how, to worship the true God. We have got the Sabbath too, for we heard about that." And what did the missionary find on landing but a dear little chapel, built under the shady trees, where these poor people had been asking God to send them his teachers; and now they had arrived. It was a glad day on the island.

Then he went back to his ship, and sailed to the loveliest little spot you ever saw. A canoe came quickly from the beach, and a young man jumped on deck. "Is this the ship with the missionaries?" he cried. Yes, it was. Good news, good news! Here too the people expected them. Five years before, they had burnt their idols and become worshippers of the true God, only they did not know much about him; but they asked him to send somebody to tell them, and now their prayers were answered.

You see, my children, how the islands of the sea wait for the Saviour, just as the Bible said they would. They are hungry for the knowledge which you have. It was on voyages like this the little Morning Star used to sail; and it is for such voyages that some of you are again giving your money to build a missionary ship—a ship *on purpose* to carry the good news of a Saviour in. Does not all this encourage us to sing louder than ever,

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole?

For The Child's Paper.

PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

I wonder how many of the readers of The Child's Paper pray. I do not mean merely repeat the words, "Our Father who art in heaven," but who really mean and understand what they say.

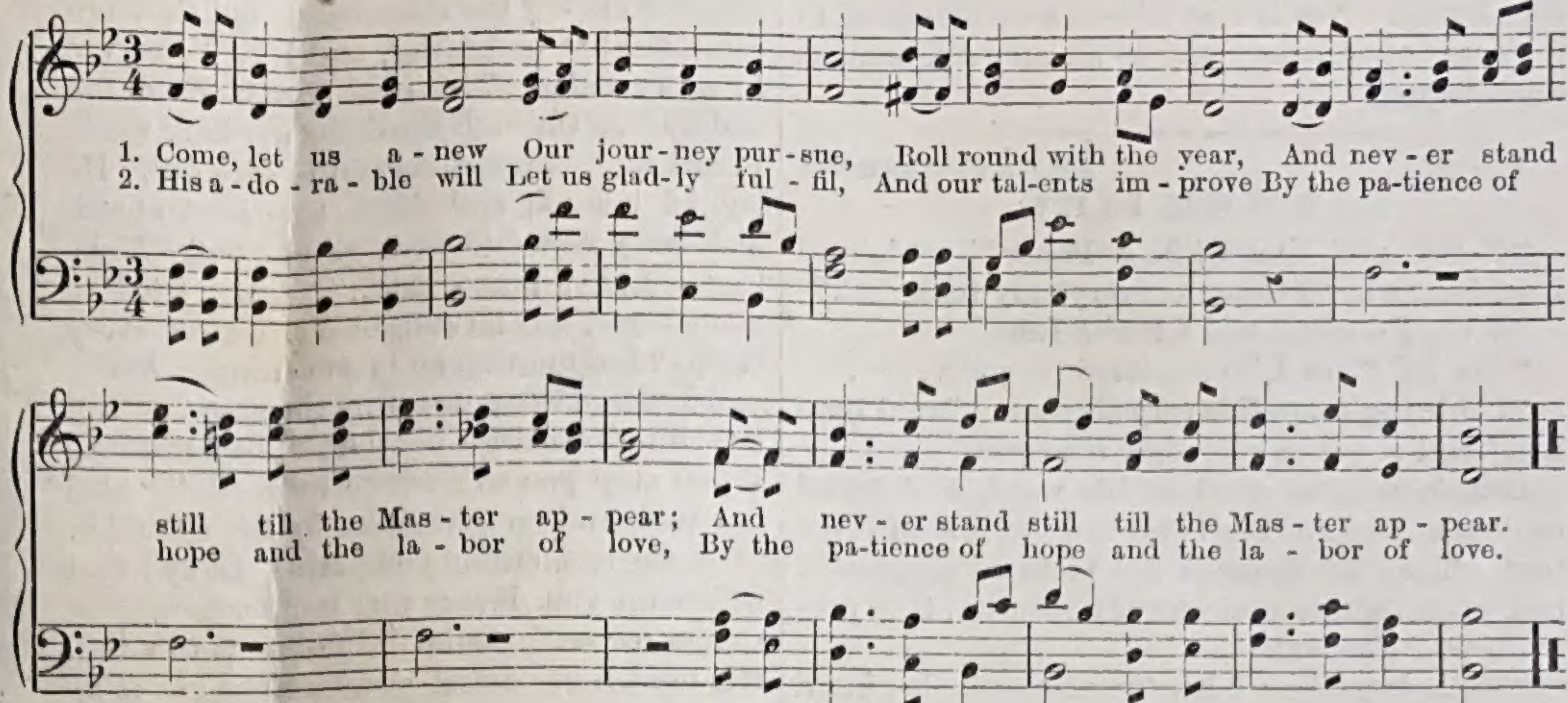
Many children think that, because they are little, God will not hear their prayers; but they make a grand mistake there. God is always willing to listen to the prayers of his little ones, for he has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

He does not always answer our prayers immediately, for he wants to try our faith; and we must continue to pray more earnestly that we may love and serve him, till we are answered. He will surely answer, for he has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

BIRDIE—a child trusting in Jesus.

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

E. L. WHITE.



3. Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
:||: And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.:||:

4. The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
:||: Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.:||:

5. Oh that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
:||: I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.:||:

6. Oh that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
:||: Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.:||:



For The Child's Paper.

How do good children behave when they have a new book? They take their book, and go together and sit down pleasantly somewhere, and read it and look at the pictures. Each one waits until the other has seen a picture as much as he wants to, and then they turn over a new leaf. They talk about the pictures too, and enjoy the book together.

But bad children do not do so. They soon begin to quarrel about the book. They snatch and pull it away from one another; and they scream and cry, and their father or mother has to come and take it away from them.

Which kind of children are these?

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